UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1225.

Original Poem.

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE MONONGAHELA.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDEN BARD.

I.

Still midnight in tumultuous song o'er the earth
An time's fury rapidly announced the day's birth;
Full weary of scenes the goddess of sleep
I slowly approached my lonely couch,
Sweet was the enchantment which threw the view fill'd,
And drop'd the curtains that through my soul shrill'd,
As on the green summit I sat me to rest,
And gazed on the visions my fancy caress'd.

II.

The luminous vision hot half yet beheld,
With slow-spreading flushes its magnitude swell'd,
A broad, misty expan's wing floated on high,
And partially shaded the ocean-lighted sky,
From far to the northward, methought I could hear
Upon the soft breeze of the zephyr that blew,
And the swelling the wave in a rapid career
The scene in the distance was fully complete.

III.

The silvery queen of the night all alone
Far high in the Heavens upon the blue throne,
And with her bright sceptre directed her way,
Diffused through the skies a soft halo of light.
The sweet little stars at her radiant reign
In confusion and haste disappeared from view,
And through the broad firmament lighted the way
Wherein their fair monarch her charms would display.

IV.

But far in the distance were observed her beams
On fountain, and streamlet, and broad glassy stream,
Whilst fanciful spectres were oft seen to glide
Through cold-tie'd night passers, and the dark mountain side
How gladly the fancy stopped forth in its flight
To call the fair flowers that bloomed during night!
Oh! such, thought I, bringing in its course
A feast for the senses—a draught for the soul.

V.

The night madly feasted on some side
Upon the rich scenes that were spread near and wide,
In silence within the deep still shades of the night
It revelled in beauty with mingled delight,
Though nature has clothed them in sable to suit the mind,
A charm that inspires still lingers behind.
To kneel at her shrine the human feels proud,
When robed in green verdure, or decked in her shroud.

VI.

In low plaintive murmurs along the shores rude
The waters their story in concord pursued,
Till pent in the pressure by ant's powers reared,
In billows within the deep still channel appeared,
But over the pressure wall, with a curved swell,
A beautiful cascade in loveliness fell!
Which vanquished, rushing from out the blue mould,
Was buried beneath in its white frantic foam.

VII.

Far in the dim distance, wrapt in the soft sheen,
Upon its calm bosom was languidly seen
The gliding barque, with its canvas to woo the zeel,
Which the lover away from his mistress bore.
Within the deep vale the mountain-cot lay
Yet lingered the notes of his passionate song,
Whose echoes were lost in the hills of the west,
And breathed the pure spirit of soul-stirring love.

VIII.

The silence is broken. Hark! now from the stream
Ascend the shrill echoes of vaporing steam,
A beautiful vessel with tri-colored flag
Emerges in view from behind the green crag.
How proudly her wingéd-like ripples cadence!
How nobly she presses upon the blue wave!
Her peerless prow dashes asunder the surge,
And sweeps o'er the surface with conq'ring scourge!

IX.

Anon the soft zephyr stands through the scene,
And moves her pavilion, and all is at rest;
The towering elm, and the lofty oak's length
Proclaim where he passing, and gambolling now.
From hillside to valley, from mountain to plain,
And flings o'er the waters its light rippling veil.
Then slowly among the clustering shores near
Her stately array in the dense willow bow'rs.

X.

Once more do the night-birds with musical chime
Announce the swift progress of galloping time,
And, spent on the surface, the zephyr's soft wing
And slowly approaches the dawning of day.
The moon fast receeding towards the clear west,
All bright dances on the waters her silvery vest.
The march of the morning begins in new hues—
The sweet spell is broken, and Ocion's come!

XI.

There's a charm about moonlight, whose melting flow
Never ever can witness, but what it must know,
That those who delight in its glory to dwell,
And sit upon the hill-top and watch its pale spell,
Tin a charm indescribable, holy and pure,
That letters each bosom, and makes each prize sure;
The soul seems to flutter about in the air
Through realms of enchantment with beaming delight.

XII.

Is there a dark bosom that festering care
Has locked and cemented with gloomy despair?
A heart whose pressure has not entered its cell,
An eye that is all tears o'erclouded with tears—
Go bathe in the moonlight their feelings will melt,
He washed a new creature—again he made whole;
Where mind is his kingdom, and nature its throne,
There man feels a holiness elsewhere unknown.

* The Dan.

Original Tales.

ANNIE DAWSON.

A Sketch from Real Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY MISS J. W. FRAZER.

Annie Dawson was born in America, but she could twine the rose and the thistle in her maternal wreath. Mary Cameron, the mother of Annie, was a poor relation of the minister, and shared the comforts and accommodations of the Manse, in a retired district of the Highlands. Mr. Cameron was a man of deep erudition and extensive learning, and his acquirements were duly estimated by those who had gone deeply into the study of human nature. He was a good scholar, and his acquirements were duly estimated by those who had gone deeply into the study of human nature. He was a good scholar, and his acquirements were duly estimated by those who had gone deeply into the study of human nature. He was a good scholar, and his acquirements were duly estimated by those who had gone deeply into the study of human nature.

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she saw a French officer rush through a breach in the garden wall, and bearing a Prussian in his arms, hasten to a small fountain which welled out upon the grass. She too, sought the spot, anxious to tender her assistance. She held Eustace St. Valerie bending over the insensible body of Ottilie. Gamblicine was more than generously rewarded from the war purses of the conquerors to her care, he again plunged into the contest. Ottilie, when at her last recovered only a slight wound, and recovering from the stunning effect of a blow which had stretched him powerless before his stronged foes, he admitted to the conviction leaving Ottilie charmed with this proof of St. Valerie's noble remembrance of his engagement, which he had received from the Prussian's hands. The certainty that Eustace was engaged in the struggle, gave to the Countess a new intense and breathless interest in the surrounding scenes.

She had thought that her anxiety scarcely admitted of an increase; but now the strange and rapid relation of her beast told her how fearfully she could be excited when danger threatened the man who had been so long the object of her tenderest solicitude. The tumult without rapidly increased in unutterable fury. In a moment the shrill burst of the trumpet, the thunder of the fire-arms, and the clang of bayonet like weapons subsided, the deafening sounds across again with redoubled violence. Again the shrill screamed in the streets; and the survivors fought over the lifeless bodies of their comrades. Ottilie had now a merciful task in binding up the wounds, and bathing the temples of those who staggered to the fountain and stretched their expiring limbs on the turf beside it. Covered with blood and dust, Ottilie her returned to refresh his parched lips with the pure water of the spring.

"Where," exclaimed the Countess, regardless of her treasured secret in this moment of dismal apprehension, "where is he then?"

"Among the dead," replied Schreiber, his blood-shot eyes glaring with fierce and horrible joy. Ottilie left in her handmaids the care of the wounded, and darting into the street, searched in the court of him in whom she had so strangely and so absolutely devoted herself. Thirsty sense was rendered acute by the agonizing desire to perform the last and office for the dead to the one so early grave, it was with difficulty that she recognized the beautiful features of St. Valerie in the convulsed countenance that met her gaze. The head alone was visible, for the body was covered with a confused heap of slaughtered friends and enemies. The French were now completely routed, and compelled to fall back; and Ottilie, obtaining assistance, removed the melancholy pile, and kneeling down by the side of Eustace, uttered a cry of joy, as placing her hand upon his heart, a slight pulsation assured her of life. Instantly and carefully she had him conveyed to the hermitage. In moments of wrath, the groan of a dying wretch arrested her footsteps. She looked down—there, by bloodshed on the ground. "Forgive me," he cried, "for by my sword St. Valerie fell." The Countess replied, and was hastening away: but compassion prevailed, she stooped over the sufferer, raised his head, and wiped the damp hair from his brow. Her charitable aid was vain; the change of position was instantly known, and he stretched her arms. Still and assiduity restored Eustace to St. Valerie to animation. The moment that he could bear the meting, Ottilie had him conveyed to the wilds of Saxon switzerland, where under her unceasing attention he slowly recovered from his wound. When the young soldier became convalescent, he was established throughout the Christian world, and the Countess de Wurzelsburg honoured her hand upon Eustace St. Valerie, in the happy conviction that she did not espouse the enemy of her country.

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1835.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

There has been abundance of gossip through the daily papers this week—but it was all in anticipation of events which have since come off, and that renders the previous guessing and wondering all stale. There was some wondering which of two members of Congress would be killed in a duel—but it has fortunately so happened that neither was hurt, in the retention of the law of Congress will of course pass unheeded.

The politicians of the State have been guessing whom they will support for Senator in U. S. Senator—but that matter has been settled by the re-election of Mr. Sturgeon—and at the first ballot. The Governor's message is fully commenced—little could be done before this great question with the politicians was determined.

The question about the admission of Texas is receiving a most through debate in the U. S. House of Representatives. Attempt; then Congressional Speeches will have an opportunity to find in these debates all the pros and cons which can possibly be learned—Altogether with not a little matter which is handsomely pertinent to the question.

The literary world offers little new—except indeed, that the Magazines are doing their best in the way of emulation of each other's excellencies. We believe that our city is admitted to stand at the head of the list, for its general periodical literature—though some excelling competitors for the public approval have sprung up in our sister city—New York. There is room for all of them.

The simple natural story, on set first page will be read with unabated interest, with the variety which the rest of the outside pages offers, can hardly fail of furnishing matter for all taste. The perusal "Wat Tyler Sketch" in this day's paper, treats of localities in which no person who has read the Wizard of the North, can fail to be interested.

THE DUEL.

We had hopes that the present session of Congress would be allowed to pass over without any duel—but attempt alone will not fully sustain us in this respect have been disappointed, though, we are pleased to state, without any fatal results. A general hue and cry was raised—Mr. Cleaveland, a new member, and Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina. Why is it, by the way, that new members are apt to find their way into a fight during their first session? A boy in a new school, used to be expected to establish his claims as a man among his fellows by a brush or two—the members of Congress enter upon their duties with any such impression?

The differently originated something in this wise. Mr. Clingman, on a speech made in Committee of the Whole, charged extensive frauds upon the Democratic party, in the late election. Mr. Taney retaliated by personal reflections upon Mr. Clingman, and when the latter asked for an explanation, Mr. Taney sent forth a report of his speech in the Globe, affirming and endorsing it.

The parties left Washington, and went to Baltimore, where the preliminaries were settled. They then returned to Washington, and on Monday went out to Bladensburg, where they exchanged shots, without injury to either party. The friends then interposed, and effected a reconciliation; and the combatants returned, unharmed, to Washington. It is a pity that this "reconciliation" had not been effected before all this trouble was taken.

A LITTLE LATER.

A few days later foreign news has been received by packets at New York—but it embraces no intelligence of great importance. The cotton trade was a little more animated.

It is said that a movement is going on among the exiled Poles in the different countries of Europe, to join the Circassians in their heroic resistance to the invasion of their territory by Russia.

MATHEMATICS.

At the annual election of the New York Mechanics' Institute, Prof. J. J. Mapes was elected its President. His Inaugural Address was highly interesting and instructive; and in the course of it, touching the matter particularly to the Institution, he made some statements and suggestions which are universally applicable and useful. We find a sketch of it in the New York Tribune, from which we borrow:

He commended especially a thorough course of Mathematics as applied to the Mechanic arts, for all Mechanics. Its benefits were almost incalculable, especially to Steam, Ship and Machine builders. Its chief and obvious advantage which a thoroughly educated Mechanic possesses over his less informed brother, was the following instance:

He was once employed to superintend the erection of a factory for the Sugar Refining Company in New York, and it became his duty to procure a steam engine for the concern. He made application to several engine builders, and received several proposals, which ranged from $1,650 to $5,700. The larger amount was the proposal of an old House, and the smaller that of a couple of young men who were commencing the business. He told them he was acting as an agent, and as a friend advised them to be cautious in their calculations, for he should be disappointed if he should receive bids under $3000 was the sum they expected to clear by the operation: and the result proved the correctness of their calculations. The actual cost did not vary $20 from their estimate. A short time afterwards, the Professor met one of the men that had made the $5,700 proposal, when he inquired why he did not let him have the job. He replied that he had bargained as above, and had given the old gentleman a receipt in full for $5,700," said he, "but the result will be that they will lose at least $1,500, and probably will not furnish the engine at all." He did not believe it possible to make any profit on a contract, although he had for years been an engine builder, and was thunderstruck when told that the machine could be constructed for the actual cost as stated so slightly from the estimate.

The Professor also strongly recommends attention to mechanical drawing. Every apprentice set with this useful branch, young and understand well the Architectures, &c., of the Old World without crossing the Atlantic. Mechanic try would be found almost indispensably necessary to some branches of the Mechanic Arts. A man would make but a sorry day, for instance, who should be entirely ignorant of the principles of Chemistry.

Such sound advice as this, if acted upon by all mechanics, would elevate them from blind laborers upon details, into workmen comprehending the full purpose and whole theory of their work; and give a new importance and pleasure to their pursuits and callings. In this view, properly conducted, Associations like the Franklin in this city, and the Mechanics' in New York and Boston, are doing substantial service to the whole country.

OLE BULL.

This great Violinist has been giving Concerts here, to the pure delight of the very scientific, and the admiration of every body. The New York Tribune relates a funny interruption which occurred during the performance of Niagara in that city. The great master had passed the regular bounds, even of Italian Music, and was just on the point of peaking over the American Fall, which is done in the place by a few notes of the Yankee Doodle, when a voice from the gallery, in a most attractive point, a moving incident occurred. Some peppercorn of a Scotchman, who had not the fear of Orpheus before his eyes, when Ole Bull imitated the flute, accompanied him with the Scotch Song, and just when the great violin to be perfectly distinct, came the nasal cry, "O—y—ster," again the notes of the violin, the soft repertoire could not stop, the delicious accompaniment repeated with ever greater effect, "O—y—ster!" It was also gether too much for the audience, any thing else, and appears to be wholly reckless of his fate. The Legislature of New York has passed a bill providing for the holding of a special term of the Columbia County Court of Oyer and Terminer, probably with a view to dispose of some of the cases growing out of this disturbance.

PUBLIC WORKS.

The following table, taken from the Canal Commissioner's Report, exhibits the revenue of the public works for 1844:

Receipts for Master Power, and the use of Locks on the Philadelphia and Reading Canal,	
Tax on Allegheny Portage Road,	$232,099 12
Tolls on Philadelphia and Reading Canal,	1,000 00
Tolls on Portage Road,	207,170 61
Old Canal tolls,	12,997 26
Tolls on Main Line, Delaware Division, Basins and Inclines,	1,997 26
	500,264 25
Total gross receipts,	$1,956,530 50
Drawbacks, $979	
Fr. John S. Cash, Collector of Philadelphia, 54,284 27	55,263 27
Annual receipts in cash,	1,127,003 45
Tolls,	774,263 78
Net receipts over expenses,	422,739 67

Deduct salaries of Commissioners, &c., and repairs of the Pennsylvania Canal, and appropriations for repairing bridges and the locks at Franklin) will be $629,638 82.

THE FISH.

It appears by the papers that the mortality among fish, to which we last week alluded, is spreading along our shores with alarming rapidity. The infected district already extends from the entire coast, from near the east end of Long Island to the Capes of Virginia, extending from the coast from a distance of one to three miles. The shores of Long Island, New Jersey and Delaware are lined with millions of dead fish, which are daily increasing in size at every direction. The cause of this strange calamity is yet unexplained. It has been noticed that the water in the inferior bays added every year, till the evil is rather worse, if any thing, than before the remedy was applied; and the supplementary matter has been added to the five hundred millions in the "Revised Statutes." At this rate the "Revised Statutes" will soon eat out every trace of the original Constitution, and the ingenuity of the Yankees will be forced in call in to its assistance the farmers and mechanics of the State, as well as the Philadelphia lawyers. We can easily spare them half a thousand (more or less) for the work; and the supplementary matter will be found a very fair field of labor—materials

United States SATURDAY POST.

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THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for same Papers.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wheelock.

Notices of New Works.

THE WORKS OF THE REV. WM. JAY, of Argyle Chapel, Bath. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 580. Price, Three-fifths octavo.—This edition is embellished with a portrait of the author, and contains, together with the works which have long been read and admired in this country, much that is now published here for the first time. The first volume contains Morning and Evening Exercises, in the form of essays, or short sermons with a Scripture motto, for every day in the year; and the second, ten sermons or what he has been in the habit of calling lectures, as distinguished from other works of the same character. The Morning Exercises, we believe, will be found to differ a little from works of the kind usually published, chiefly in making the Scripture which were expressly more fully the import of the textual motto at the head of them; in the arrangement of a greater diversity of subjects, in the introduction of more passages from the less observed and less improved parts of Scripture, and in the manner of turn of some of the more or more refined and incidental strokes of the Sacred Penman." The variety of subjects embraced in these discourses, and the manner in which they are treated, make a Christian spirit.

The second volume contains Short Discourses to be read in Families; The Christian contemplated, in a Variety of Characters; and forms of Family Prayers for several weeks, together with Prayers for select occasions, and Thanksgivings for particular events. In the third volume we have fourteen sermons, or rather discourses preached to the Church and Congregation worshipping in Carrubber's Close Chapel, Sermons on the Rev. Dr. Watts Water, and of the Rev. John Clark; and several occasional Sermons, three of which are on public occasions, and on religious, and others upon Funerals and other events, public and private.

What all these sermons will most admire in these volumes is the tolerance, charity, and cheerful feeling of the writer. He sets up no exclusive path, and no sense of Christian in those without it; he attaches an over-weight to non-essentials; he represents the amount of the most honest convictions in favor of any matter of mere discipline; and, in few words, his works are of that class of which it is to be regretted that there are not more. Their tendency is to make all Christian respect each other as brothers, and love each other as children of one Father.

HEATHEN MYTHOLOGY: By Peabody. With ten Illustrations. Philadelphia: Cary & Hart.—The title tells all Peabody's works, is extremely amusing; and it is upon a most important subject for fun. The illustrations are as good as the text; and both are capital. It is a good matter upon the custom of wearing years of a life, shortened, and a clear, open examination of the subject. The work will answer many a hearty laugh. It may be had of T. B. Peterson.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCE, Edited by Isaac Hays, M. D. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.—The January number of this valuable Medical work is out, with able and highly interesting matter, beautifully executed. This work holds a deservedly high station as the medical literature of the time, and numbers among its contributors the highest medical talent.

ARTIST'S REPOSITORY.—The February number of this magazine is already on our table. It is embellished with a sweet steel engraving, a fancy piece, called a Gipsy Fortune-teller, and also a view of the South Ferry, Brooklyn, and several initial letters, vignettes, &c. Altogether it is a specimen of fine interesting monthly. Philadelphia: Turner & Co.

SCRIPTURE FACTS. Mr. Campbell has published part X. of his quarto edition of Scott's Family Bible and Concordance. One number more will complete the first volume.

SHAKSPEARE. No. 28 of Hewett's Illustrated edition of Shakspeare, with notes by Verplanck, has been received by Archer & Co. and T. B. Peterson.

Congressional.

IN THE SENATE, Wednesday, January 8. Among the petitions presented were From Gettysburg a reduction of postages from Pennsylvania, asking Congress to organize a territorial government in Oregon. Mr. MANGUM asked leave to introduce a bill relative to the transmission of the mail between the United States and Europe. Granted. Mr. CRITTENDEN offered resolution relative to the transportation of the mail on railroads. The hall on the establishment of the Smithsonian Institute coming up, Mr. Choate of Massachusetts addressed the Senate in favor of that spoke upon it.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Adams offered a resolution to allow the use of the Hall to Robert Owen, to lecture on Socialism. The House to 73, and the resolution upon the table.

Mr. Dromgoole introduced a bill declaring the assent of the South to the admission of TEXAS as a State. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Hale asked leave to present the resolutions of the State of New Hampshire, in favor of the course taken in Rhode Island, in the case of Dorr. The House refused to suspend the rules.

The TEXAS matter was then taken up in Committee of the Whole. Mr. Caleb Smith and Mr. Owen, both of Indiana, spoke upon it,—the former against, the latter in favor.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Jan. 9.—Among the petitions presented, were one from Boston, against the Annexation of Texas, as a State holding territory; one of similar more from Greenwich, and several from New York and Pennsylvania, praying a return in the Naturalization Laws. Leave was granted to bill was further debated.

In the House, the Army and Navy Appropriation bills were resumed. The Texas Annexation matter was then taken up. Mr. Hamlin, of Ohio, and Mr. Brought opposing them, and Mr. Weller, of Ohio, and Mr. Carey, of Maine, speaking in favor.

FRIDAY, Jan. 10.—The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Slade, of Vt. offered a resolution, which was not received, that TEXAS be admitted, before the admission, to be given one half in the slaveholding, and one half in the non-slaveholding States. The Annexation matter was then further debated, by Mr. Tappan of Ohio, Mr. Adams offered a resolution, to allow the use of the Hall to Robert Owen, to lecture on Socialism. The House refused to suspend the rules.

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News.

200 tons is on the land on the 1st of J. Howard & Co. Boston, which will 0 Newbury, Eng. 200 tons, for the Mr. Hazlehurst, the St. Clair, Mr. steamboat of 750 tons, President, J. N. Reading, late editor of

ther is fast going season assigned to Equal standards, its value abroad, gold is not yet ascertained by the Secretary of Commerce, and great.

of Boston, stated Boston, that the and three adults. Boston Society is

Hazzite, contains the that has been for four fold. at Lewiston, ption mantle for

ninnati, and from the Ohio River ondition for the the 9th. There ent symptoms of

the Prince Judith from Liverpool ward bound, was ashore on the Isle of Shoals, and will be got off.

IN SENATE, Monday, January 13. Several memorials, &c., were presented, and among them, were petitions relative to TEXAS, Slavery, and the Naturalization Laws. A bill was reported for the establishment of a Naval School. Mr. Foster, of Tennessee, presented joint resolutions in favor of the admission of TEXAS.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Milton Brown offered joint resolutions for the admission of Texas, similar to those offered in the Senate. They were referred to the Committee of the Whole. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Texas question. Mr. THOMPSON, of Kentucky, spoke in favor, and Mr. Brinkerhoff, of Ohio, against Annexation.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, Jan. 14.—A bill was twice read and passed, authorizing the appointment of assistant Engineers and Surgeons in the Navy. The bill renewing navy pensions to certain widows, was ordered to a third reading.

Another bill for the Annexation of Texas, was read and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

In the House, a resolution of enquiry relative to the debt of TEXAS, was presented by Mr. J. R. Ingersoll, of Penn.

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General News.

MOST FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.—We learn from the Montrose (Pa.) Democrat, that on Monday evening of last week, as Dr. E. Lacy, man, of Great Bend, was returning from Montrose, in a wagon, with his wife, when about three quarters of a mile home, the wheels dropped upon the shafts; the Doctor leaned over the dash board to recover them, when it broke and precipitated him against the horse, which took flight and ran for about half a mile. The Dr.'s foot caught in the forward spring, and he was dragged the whole distance. His wife, terrified, laid hold of his head was shockingly lacerated—his wife was all the time unhurt in the wagon, and unconscious that his body was dragging.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—The Sunbury American, says: "Michael Neidig, of Augusta township, on Friday week, was found on the road about three miles from home, with his skull fractured and broken. He was taken home, and died shortly after, from his injuries. He had been to town with a load of wagon and horses. The latter were on the road home, without a driver, which led to a search, and his discovery in the condition above described. He was alive when first found out, and was so much injured that he was not able to move."

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL RETURNS.—By an official statement made to the Legislature of Massachusetts, it appears that the whole number of children in the Commonwealth between the ages of four and sixteen years, and the amount raised for the support of schools, including the income of the surplus revenue, during the year 1843, being nearly $1,000 more than was raised the previous year; $37,851.90 are contributed for board and fuel, making an aggregate for common school purposes of $1,047,149 13.

"CAST IRON STEAMSHIPS."—Experiments have for some years, been in progress in Germany, with a view to make cast iron, as be cheaper and more durable material, applicable to the preparation of stereotype plates. The knowledge thus acquired led to the recent publication of a cast iron stereotype edition of the Bible, published at Neuhausen, the price of which, high as it is, is considerably below that of Germia. Plain Bibles may be bought at the same price of the American Bible Society.

SNOWING.—The Buffalo Courier, states that in Susquehanna, a few days since, four children of Richmond Graves, who is a widower, were buried beneath the rubbish of a house, which fell in the course of last week's storms, of clay and stone, which fell upon them. The youngest child escaped without and ran to the house of the father, who returned to his house, and on removing the rubbish found two of his children dead, and two others seriously injured.

☞ The Boston Post states that during the year 1844, there were 1,566 through, and 313 way passengers, brought to that point in the Cunard steamer; and 1,910 through, with 177 way, taken from Boston to Liverpool and Halifax.

DREADFUL DEATH.—Another lady, named Hottenberger, who resided alone in a small house in East street, near the Bel-Air market, Baltimore, met a dreadful death on Friday afternoon week, by her clothes taking fire. It is supposed they caught from a spark from the fireplace, and no one being present to render assistance, the unfortunate old lady thus perished in excruciating pain.

A cunning swindle, which has ended in the capture of the swindlers, has been perpetrated in London. The rogues printed the prospectus of a Kentucky agricultural meeting in London to raise funds for the families of those unfortunates who were lost in the President; left them at houses in the great metropolis, and called for and obtained subscriptions to a considerable amount.

The city of Boston appropriated nearly $200,000 during 1844, for public instruction. Of this sum $86,000 were paid for the salaries of teachers, and the remainder for the purchase of land, and erection of new school houses, alteration and repairs of school houses, fuel and other contingent expenses.

The people of Boston begin to experience the evils attendant on the failure to elect a Mayor. On Saturday, a woman, insane, was conveyed to the Asylum at South Boston, but could not be admitted, in consequence of no permit having been signed by the Mayor.

The bark Columbia, at Philadelphia, from the Mediterranean, has brought a Maltese sheep as a present from the American Consul at Malta, to the Secretary of the Treasury. The animal is a curiosity, having a tale nearly as broad as a small woollen blanket.

Some of the steamboats are still navigating lakes Ontario and Erie. The Transit is running daily between Lewistown and Toronto and the United States arrived, on the 3d inst. at Cleveland from Buffalo.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

English Manufactories—Statistics—Operatives—Classes of Population —Government Statistics—Expenditures of the Kingdom—Imports and Exports, &c. &c.

Bristol, England, Dec. 3, 1844.

There is no resource of a nation's greatness, so far as concerns its trade and influence with other nations, of such vital importance as the manufactures; and as England is somewhat celebrated for these, some account of the number of persons employed in their manipulation must be duly felt to prove interesting to the American people, especially as your Republic is rapidly progressing in the use ful and industrial arts. I therefore propose presenting you some voluminous Parliamentary Returns, and giving you, so far as I can calculate, the most material results. In this country, there is no fabrics take the lead; and they employ the following portions of our population, in England, Wales and Scotland:

Classes.	Persons.
Hose,	27,000
Lace,	90,905
Wool and Worsted,	30,347
Silk,	167,596
Flax and Linen,	83,773
Sundry not Mixed fabrics,	83,033
	787,707
Total,	903,668

Thus you will perceive that textile fabrics in this country are more in that than any other of the kingdom. Of these, I subjoin the chief classes.

Employed in Commerce, Trade	3,110,276
Agriculture,	1,499,794
In Agriculture,	1,499,794
Laborers,	781,909
Military,	61,234
Naval,	31,703
Professional,	63,194
Educated persons in different persons,	51,000
In Government Civil Service,	16,000
Domestic Service,	1,208,826
Independent persons,	211,440
In purchases, receivers of alms, &c.	180,000
	7,039,560

The residue consists of women, children, unemployed persons, &c.

In Ireland, the population of which exceeds 8,000,000—the following are the chief industrial returns.

Employed in Agriculture,	974,198
Manufactures,	332,810
Trade and Commerce,	151,960

I now proceed to give you an account of the Army and Navy.

	Men.
The Army (abroad and at home)	125,000
The Navy, national and commercial	34,000
Militia, (abroad and at home)	159,000

There are several valuable manufactures, besides the textile, which deserve particular notice. The following are employed in England, Wales and Scotland.

	Persons.
Pottery and China,	15,774
Glass,	9,455
Engines and machines,	39,000
Iron,	40,446
Tin,	12,000
Lead,	12,711
Coal,	84,787
Sundry metals,	1,500

There are also in all the professions

Clergymen of the Church of E—	14,023
Other Clergymen,	10,000
Barristers, advocates and conveyancers,	2,753
Attorneys, Solicitors and notaries,	14,027
Physicians,	1,470
Surgeons, Students, &c.	15,000
Clerks,	24,000
Schoolmasters and assistants,	12,747
Teachers and Professors,	4,000
Authors,	1,000
Accountants,	4,974
Actors,	1,000
Musicians,	3,000
Artists,	3,000
Surveyors,	1,264
Architects,	1,000
Engineers,	1,000
Civil Engineers,	1,000
Land Agents,	958
Brokers,	500
Designers,	300
Notaries,	300

The revenue and expenditure of the United Kingdom last year, stand thus:

Receipts,	£52,177,781
Expenditure,	50,704,719

The Paper Currency of the United Kingdom is as follows:

Bank of England,	£21,980,000
Joint Stock Banks,	4,500,000
Private Banks,	3,364,400
Bank of Ireland,	2,864,000
All Banks in Ireland,	1,358,125
	8,586,525
Total,	£30,001,301

The bullion in the Bank of England is nearly £16,000,000; but the amount in circulation and in other Banks, is not known.

The imports and exports of the United Kingdom, for the past three years, ending in 1842, '43, '44, (as official sales of valuation) are—

	Imports.	Exports.
1842,	£97,276,562	£ 58,691,744
1843,	63,844,760	112,844,950
1844,	76,000,000	135,000,000

What is called the "declared value" of the above, estimates them at much less. But this is a Custom House mystification—showing, I suppose, the difference between the actual exporters and the official or Government valuation.

The number of vessels that arrived in the foreign trade, in 1844, were

British,	19,500
Foreign,	9,541
	29,041

The above were navigated by 261,117 men and boys. The characters of ships inwards differed very little from the above. 1,123 vessels were built in British ports, in 1844.

The exports of cotton goods from this country, in 1844, were 1,197 millions of yards, exclusive of cotton yarn, 58 millions of pounds weight. Of these, there were 114 millions entered outwards in the coasting trade.

In 1843, 14,633 commercial steam-vessels (coasters and foreign) entered inwards—and 14,292 cleared outwards.

The amount of money levied for the support of the poor in 1843, was £7,304,601.

I am happy to add, that the amount of money in the Savings Banks in 1844, is nearly £30,000,000.

I trust that the useful information conveyed in my brief letter of to-day, will atone for once for the absence of either poetry or chit-chat. I

Army & Navy.

☞ Some months ago we mentioned that a launch, with three sailors on board, had been picked up and carried into a port of the island of Cuba. We now learn that the men were deserters from the U. S. sloop of war Preble, and that two of them have been taken on board the U. S. brig Somers, the third having escaped from the prison in which they were placed by the Consul.

The U. S. brig Oregon, Lieut. Com'g Stellwagen, arrived at Liverpool on Friday night week. Mr. Blackford, our Charge d'Affaires to Bogota, did not, as was expected, come home in the Oregon. Lieut. Sinclair waited his arrival at Chagres as long as his duty would permit, and then set sail.

Passed midshipman Charles E. Fleming has been ordered to and reported for duty as acting master of the United States brig Porpoise.

The number of recruits enlisted in the army from the 1st of October, 1843, to 30th September, 1844, is returned at 1,999.

Items of News.

☞ Governor Anderson, in his Message to the Legislature, shows the financial affairs of that State to be in a prosperous condition. The receipts of the year are $366,885, the expenditures $290,558.

The Sheriff of Ripley county, Missouri, paid in to the Treasury, as his yearly income, two dollars and a fraction in bank paper, and the rest in *well-ready certificates*.

The Legislature of North Carolina, adjourned sine die on the 9th inst., after a session of fifty-three days. The bill to elect the Lieutenant Governor by the people, was lost.

The Mechanic's Association of Boston, has furnished six Mayors in that city; and the Courier predicts the same success in having a fifth a seventh at the next election.

The important subject of the improvement of the navigation of the Western Rivers, is again engaging the attention of the people at that quarter of the Union.

The Act giving to the people of South Carolina, instead of the Legislature, the election of Presidential Electors, was indefinitely postponed by the Legislature.

The total amount of taxes paid into the office of the State Treasurer of Maryland, from the 1st of December, 1843, to the 8th of January, 1845, is $111,124.

The Montreal papers announce that the township of Sutton, in the county of Missisquoi, has been proclaimed in a state of piracy from the United States.

The Act giving to the Bayou Chene, has sent editor of the Atakapas Gazette a slab of sugar cane, twelve feet in length, and which has thirty-one joints.

Five slaves have been arrested in Jefferson county, Missouri, for the murder of an old man named Semmonds. One of the number confessed the deed.

The last cargo of Coffee ever imported direct from Rio de Janeiro into Savannah, arrived at the latter port on the 25th ult. It comprised 1,357 bags.

The Message of the Governor of Delaware, is brief and to the purpose. The State is out of debt and a surplus on the Treasury.

The Governor of Havana, has prescribed Eugene Sue's Wandering Jew. The mode of proscribed the more it will be sought after.

The jail of Columbia County has been without prisoners for a few months past; this is a good beginning of the year 1845.

A Fair in aid of the Orphan Asylum of Mobile was held there on the 1st inst., the gross receipts of which were $4,300.

A man in Norwalk, Ohio, was recently arrested and fined $5 and cost, for kissing a girl on the walk without consent.

The expense of receiving quiet in Warren county, Ohio, last summer, was nine thousand dollars.

At a recent estimate, the amount of capital

Selected Poetry.

THE OTHER DAY.

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

Upon the sombrous spiral below
Fell softly half the shine of heav'n's bow;
Yet clothe they up the way
They gently entered, they the scene
Mid fields of gold and swards of green,
We saw not the other day!

The sun hath shrunk into the south,
And every bird shut its mouth,
Mid leaden sky in fray,
And yet with songs the woodlands fair
Were full the other day!

All things are here but for a while,
The frosts soon vanish, and the smile
Of beauty must decay;
And who can live unvisited by care
The lily and the rose can wear
We saw not the other day!

But form and beauty, too, might die,
And fire forsake the aged eye;
Could any mortal say,
My heart is still as warm and light,
As full of hopes and fancies bright
As 'twas the other day?

Repose mankind can never know,
They change as on the summer flow,
Until they pass away;
And while we live there's not an hour
That soon our fall some cherished flower
That bloomed the other day!

The mother sadly bends her head
Upon the former fair bride's bed
A child with glances gay;
Her lord her new love vainly seek
The sadly dimpled rosy cheek
She kissed the other day!

Children alone look forward still,
Through scenes of peace and scenes of strife,
Cheech the whole livelong!
Youth smiles every mask it sees,
For one who would not fly again
Back to the days,

Lovers regret their early sighs,
Regret the maiden's downcast eyes,
When first she said them nay!
All, all but one room, all would repeat
The fluttering they sensed it's pain,
And quench'd with the other day!

Children alone look forward still,
Through scenes of peace and scenes of strife,
Oft in the valley way;
Youth smiles every bold mask,
Where lovers, and earth, and all things smile,
Now as the other day!

They loves not, but onward droop—
Regret the maiden's downcast eye—
Enjoy them whilst you may!
Then radiant hours are long, will lower,
Ere long you will regret the hour
You wasted the other day!

But if in joy, and if in woe,
Along these twilight steps below,
Ten fellow votaries lay;
Less bitter pangs wer'e ring your breast,
When time sends your hours of rest
Dreams of the other day!

Biographical.

BERANGER.

BY A RECENT TRAVELLER.

After being eight or ten days in Paris, I wrote a note to Beranger, stating that I had attempted an imitation of one of his songs in plain English, and would feel honored by having an interview accorded me when it might answer his convenience to grant it. The reply of post brought me a polite reply, appointing the following Monday at o'clock for the meeting, and regretting that he could not allow me to choose my own time, as he expected very soon to go into the country. When Monday came, I got into an omnibus after breakfast, and enjoyed a pleasant ride to Passy, a village on the river side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger has for some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vicenne, No. 5?—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two stories, having a sort of terrace in front, and the Venetian blind-looking out-side window shutters everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to be habit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the door. My summons was answered by an elderly servant-maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said, politely, "Entrez, monsieur, il vous plait," when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He was alone, and received me with an embrace with the politeness so natural to his nation; and at the same time with a degree of pleasant self-possession, calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and hanged me to be seated in the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take myself seat, Beranger intercepted a book placed his hands on my shoulders, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgments of the latter that of those one in granting me the interview—" Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honor in being received by a poet fellow of an old bachelor like—and then I beg I call you." This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation took place, and which, to be scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat closer in front of mine, with no good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Slowly did meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of conversing with Beranger, not to recognize the poet's unaffected kindness in the little scene. Beranger's countenance is expressive of eye as little of the "pomp and circumstance" of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window —a bed with plain blue chintz curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it in the centre—couple of chairs—at most half-a-dozen of volumes—" voila tout"—betoken at once the simple writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. But he himself says of his great emperor in the "Souvenirs de peuple"—

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Beranger's residence has been little before the public of late, he still continues to write; but his present intellectual vigor, as he told me, will not appear until after his death. He smiled when I replied that I hoped in that case it might be long indeed ere we should see a new song of Beranger.

It is difficult to conceive the power which this author has over the popular mind in France. Nothing can be so fanciful than his "Chansons" had an immense influence in producing the revolution in 1830, although it does not view the existing government with approbation, and has refused everything in the shape of boon or favor at its hands. At the funeral of his friend Lafitte, not long ago, which was attended by the whole of Paris, the royal carriage passed several unnoticed, but when that of Beranger appeared, a shout of acclamation welcomed the poet of the people—his horses were taken unyoked, and hundreds strove for the honor of drawing him in triumph; it was with difficulty he persuaded them to desist. Beranger's retirement is far from being of a cynical or misanthropic character. He seems to have made it his study to contribute to the desire or repose after a busy, and latterly, not unreadable life, and to have carried in it, to its full strength, that generous susceptibility of friendship and patriotism which breathes in all his songs. He possesses a mighty lyre, one vibration of whose chords would still rouse a kingdom to attention.

Our Essayist.

GAPING.

A person seldom looks more uninteresting than when busily engaged in the act of yawning. It is so evidence that the energies of the mind and body are not in active operation, that the faculties, if not actually fatigued, are by no means excited, but remain in a state of torpor, like a toad or a lizard imprisoned in a ball of solid granite. A man or woman is seldom seen to gape when conscious of being extended in a drawing-room. A warrior never gapes when battling hand to hand with an enemy on the field of battle; a sailor seldom gapes when listening to the sound of breakers on a lee shore; and a woman spares her mouth only to scream. A dog gapes when he seized the bits between his teeth and is galloping away with his property through the streets. She eyes are then seen wider than usual, and closes his mouth finally, when devouring the exhilarating chapters of the last new novel.

We will venture to assert that a woman never was yet seen to gape while seated in a crowded lever, when he has summoned courage enough to pop the question to the object for whom he is unpalliated, and lest to all sense of propriety, so as to gape in the presence of the lady-love—before marriage—deserves to be chastised with a broomstick, instanter, and afterwards to be plumed with a handle from the fair one, whose affections he covets. When that lady has "plumed" getting dreary in the presence of his dear one, he should vanish fleet, and enjoyed a pleasant ride in a hack to village on the river side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger in Thistle some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vicenne, No. 5?—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two stories, having a sort of terrace in front, and the Venetian blind-looking out-side window shutters everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to be habit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the door. My summons was answered by an elderly servant-maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said, politely, "Entrez, monsieur, il vous plait," when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He was alone, and received me with an embrace with the politeness so natural to his nation; and at the same time with a degree of pleasant self-possession, calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and hanged me to be seated in the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take myself seat, Beranger intercepted a book placed his hands on my shoulders, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgments of the latter that of those one in granting me the interview—" Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honor in being received by a poet fellow of an old bachelor like—and then I beg I call you." This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation took place, and which, to be scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat closer in front of mine, with no good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Slowly did meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of conversing with Beranger, not to recognize the poet's unaffected kindness in the little scene. Beranger's countenance is expressive of eye as little of the "pomp and circumstance" of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window —a bed with plain blue chintz curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it in the centre—couple of chairs—at most half-a-dozen of volumes—" voila tout"—betoken at once the simple writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. But he himself says of his great emperor in the "Souvenirs de peuple"—

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LIFE.

This life is a shallop of destiny's ocean,
And thou with her frailness a passenger there;
Trip'd on by Time's pinions, we're wafted
Our billows at dearest and quickenedst of care.

So he—is his voyage of sorrow and rudeness,
Adversity's scapegrace may threateningly roar;
And the tempest of hope, light sun, safe in the shore
Shall be—in his voyage of heaven.

On fastest-whitened tempest, he's calmly at rest,
On the land of bright morning, where sorrowing is stranger;
And joy, bright-eyed joy, is eternity's guest.

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Our Scrap Book.

EPITAPH ON A SCOLDING WIFE.

Here lies the wife of neighbor Thomas.
Whom death, to save her troubled from, took.
For, when alive, she was an ill,
And now she's dead she's dead still.
They could stand her no longer,
All things were kept in constant broil.
For heaven had grown hell to poor Tom,
So he sent her packing to the devil.

Tom, you seem to gain flesh every day,—grocery business must agree with you. What did you weigh last?" "Well, Simon, I really forget now; but it strikes me it was a pound of butter."

The greatest tyranny that ever enters into human imagination is that of a father compelling his daughter to marry a man she cannot endure.

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And joy, bright-eyed joy, is eternity's guest.

Social Conversation.—Talk not of music by no means excited, but remains in a state of torpor, like a toad or a lizard imprisoned in a ball of solid granite. A man or woman is seldom seen to gape when conscious of being extended in a drawing-room. A warrior never gapes when battling hand to hand with an enemy on the field of battle; a sailor seldom gapes when listening to the sound of breakers on a lee shore; and a woman spares her mouth only to scream. A dog gapes when he seized the bits between his teeth and is galloping away with his property through the streets. She eyes are then seen wider than usual, and closes his mouth finally, when devouring the exhilarating chapters of the last new novel.

We will venture to assert that a woman never was yet seen to gape while seated in a crowded lever, when he has summoned courage enough to pop the question to the object for whom he is unpalliated, and lest to all sense of propriety, so as to gape in the presence of the lady-love—before marriage—deserves to be chastised with a broomstick, instanter, and afterwards to be plumed with a handle from the fair one, whose affections he covets. When that lady has "plumed" getting dreary in the presence of his dear one, he should vanish fleet, and enjoyed a pleasant ride in a hack to village on the river side, within three or four miles of Paris, and where Beranger in Thistle some time resided. It wanted a quarter to ten when I arrived, so I had sufficient time to climb the hill on which Passy stands, and to inquire for Rue Vicenne, No. 5?—the residence of the poet. A country youth showed me the house, which is a neat little mansion of two stories, having a sort of terrace in front, and the Venetian blind-looking out-side window shutters everywhere to be met with in France. It was altogether such a dwelling as I had imagined a man of Beranger's simple taste likely to be habit, and I felt a degree of reverence as I knocked at the door. My summons was answered by an elderly servant-maid, who, on my desiring to see Beranger, told me to follow her up stairs, which I did, catching a glimpse as I crossed the lobby, of a well arranged flower-garden behind the house. On reaching the top of the uppermost stair, she opened a door, and said, politely, "Entrez, monsieur, il vous plait," when I at once found myself in the presence of the French bard. He was alone, and received me with an embrace with the politeness so natural to his nation; and at the same time with a degree of pleasant self-possession, calculated to put a stranger at his ease, and hanged me to be seated in the easy chair which he had just left. When I wished to take myself seat, Beranger intercepted a book placed his hands on my shoulders, and pressed me back into his own, replying laughingly to the acknowledgments of the latter that of those one in granting me the interview—" Ah, my dear sir, don't speak of it—there's little enough honor in being received by a poet fellow of an old bachelor like—and then I beg I call you." This was of course said in French, in which language all our conversation took place, and which, to be scarcely understands a word of English. He then drew his seat closer in front of mine, with no good-natured a look, that I felt under no more constraint than if I had known him for years. Slowly did meet the eye of any one who has enjoyed the privilege of conversing with Beranger, not to recognize the poet's unaffected kindness in the little scene. Beranger's countenance is expressive of eye as little of the "pomp and circumstance" of literature, in which souls of inferior calibre are apt to please themselves, as may well be imagined. An attic room with a bow-window —a bed with plain blue chintz curtains at the one end of the apartment—a small table having a mahogany desk on it in the centre—couple of chairs—at most half-a-dozen of volumes—" voila tout"—betoken at once the simple writer of France needed no artificial circumstance to give interest to his name or to his residence. But he himself says of his great emperor in the "Souvenirs de peuple"—

"They 'r not at all his glory round the hearth for many a day."

Beranger is a little man, I should say five feet five inches in height, about sixty-five years of age, of a firm make, and apparently robust and healthy. He has the intellectual strength, regular and rather handsome features, and a clear black eye. The prompt expression of that his face of think that of kindness and shrewdness, and I at once set him down as a man of humor and noble heart. Nothing of the He wore a gray dressing-gown and a black silk cap; and I wished myself at the time that I owned a little, so I suppose his sight is not very strong. The postures we have of Beranger are, without exception, bad: the only good likeness which I could meet with being a little etcher cast. But to return to our interview. Beranger expressed his regret that he could not talk much with me about the English poets, from his being unacquainted with the language and so few of them either to write into French. He said it was remarkable that, after his own character as an author had been established for many years, his countrymen still persisted in considering him less as a poet than as a "chansonnier," (a writer of songs,) and that it was in Scotland his claim to the title of poet was first recognized, in an article in the Edinburgh Review. I told him that he was considered, by those who knew him best, to linger in my native land, the Burns of France; to which he replied, that a greater compliment could not be passed on him than was implied in that name: adding, that although he could not read Burns, he seemed to discover from what he had heard of his works by friends who could, that he had many points in his Muse Scotch, when he used in see often in Paris. He then asked me if I had ever conversed from great or eminent writer. He complained of the errors to be found in "Lockhart's Life of Napoleon," of the life and character of Louis XI. of France, and generally of historical blunders. He adduced, however, that his novels were grand panoramas, in which appear splendid and interesting groups, but which the author was not well qualified to draw; and he remarked, that in all of the scenes in Waverley Novels, in which Scotland is the reader attaches itself naturally to some other individual rather than to the hero or heroine—which he considered a defect—instancing "Ivanhoe," where Rebecca is the centre of interest, &c. &c. He pretty that Walter'd Beranger understand to be entertaining. He mentioned also that, of the older works of fiction, "The Monk," by Lewis, and "Caleb Williams," by Godwin, are most admired in France: he considers them both fine works. After some conversation, which I shall not here repeat, in reference to living English authors, we touched upon humorous poems, some of which I had been with, I thought, some translation into English, owing to the subjects of them being somewhat peculiar and of mind, or possessing an interest purely local. He expressed a desire that I should lend him my translations, that he might submit them to a friend of his who understands English thoroughly. And we whose opinion in literary matters he can rely and having brought the pieces with me for that purpose, I left them with him, saying that should they meet his approbation, it might encourage me in the translation of others. On my naming the edition of his works which I possess, Beranger informed me that it was a very imperfect one, and said he regretted he had beside him only one copy of

Family Circle.

WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

FROM BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

Of all the agreeable, of all the fascinating creatures in existence, we have met with no real woman of the world." Of all the cold, hard, repulsive characters that ever disgusted society, none can vie with "the woman of the world." Her hypocrisy is so refined, that all the contradictory account have given of the same individual is strictly correct. To the rich, in the great, to those who can do her service, she describes is the most agreeable companion that ever met with golden opportunity. Her conversation, to the fallen friend, or the person above reason, she has none; and never you can, unless you are talking to "bunkum," in which case, let them gape and go to sleep, besides, if they wish. It is not regarded polite to gape in the face of the speaker, but when a person's back is turned, and you are superiors, you may do what you please. Gaping is an infectious as a cutaneous disease —and if one gapes in company "opens wide his ponderous jaws," all the others will straightway follow suit, like the lambkins in Punch. We have before now seen a wag take a pair of tongs—a pair of bellows—a fire-shovel—all the implements, and solemnly, set the whole party at work at gaping—and the result was a scene of confusion.

Gaping is epidemic also. When the wind is southerly, the temperature mild, and the atmosphere dense, you will see every one gaping in the streets, as well as within doors. Ladies gape while seated in their carriages—gentlemen on the opposite occasion—viz., that of perambulating the streets, gape in search for the signs of interesting goods. They gape in the face of a shopman—they gape looking, for a moment, at the purse of a paid of silk, and he gapes patiently in return, as he gives her the desired information. They gape in the middle of the street, while casting the pries of stocks and the politics of the day. They gape in the Green Room, while reading the "latest advices from Washington." Having gaped to their heart's content at weather, we have seen known some rather decent, and others not so much so, gaping at the procession of the Mercantile Journo.

Last Saturday was a day of the above description, and we will not be surprised to be told by noting the many pairs of distended jaws which thronged the terrace in front of the house in which we have the honor to reside, while passing through the Quadrant